

THE YEOMAN:

Published Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

BY S. I. M. MAJOR & COMPANY.

S. I. M. MAJOR, Editor.

FRANKFORT:

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1858.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT OF APPEALS,

RANKIN R. REVILL,

OF OWEN.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE,

WILLIAM PATTIE.

FOR SHERIFF,

W. S. DEHONEY.

FOR JAILER,

JOHN J. SMITH.

COUNTY ATTORNEY,

E. A. W. ROBERTS.

FOR CORONER,

H. S. MOORE.

FOR ASSESSOR,

PETER JETT.

FOR SURVEYOR,

W. F. GRAHAM.

One of Rix Raz's Guns Spiked.

The Hon (T) GEORGE R. McKee who is traveling

over the State vilifying the Democratic party

and its members, is in the habit of retelling

amongst other things, the contemptible slander

that the Clerks of the last House of Representatives

enrolled a bill that did not pass the Legis-

lature. He brings forward this falsehood, on all

occasions as a strong reason why he should be

elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier thus

disposes of this Know Nothing dodge. It seems

that a bill for the encouragement of the fine arts

was by some mistake enrolled when it had been

rejected by the House. Here is the history of it:

The bill was reported from the Judiciary Com-

mittee by Mr. Ripley, a Know Nothing. See

Senate Journal 1857-8, page 653, which passed

almost unanimously, by the Senate.

The bill was sent immediately to the lower

House, and was there defeated by a vote of 41 to

16. (See House Journal, page 653.) The bill was

then reported back to the Senate by one of

the clerks of the lower House immediately, as

having been rejected by that House. (See Sen-

ate Journal, page 658.) And the next we see of

the bill is, that it was reported by the assistant

Secretary of State to the Senate, signed and ap-

proved by the Governor. (See Senate Journal,

page 676.) Everybody knows that, according to

the rules of the Legislature, each bill that is pas-

sed has to be signed, first by the Speaker of the

House in which it originated, and as this bill ori-

ginated in the Senate, where the Speaker and

clerks were all Know Nothings, and was returned

back to the Senate by a Democratic clerk as

having been rejected by the lower House, who, in

all good conscience, is to blame, if any blame can

be attached to it. Is it the clerks of the lower

House? These inefficient men he speaks of—or is

it the infallible clerks of the Senate? that he

thinks are so competent. Why everybody knows

that it was the clerks of the Senate. I do not at-

tribute any dishonesty or incompetency to them.

I am fully satisfied that the Speaker and

clerks of the Senate are competent officers, and

high-minded and honorable gentlemen, and are

incapable of doing an act, intentionally, that

More Logic.

The Very Know Nothing papers are making

a great deal of noise over the fact that Mr. SAYES

a Know Nothing, assisted the clerks of our last

House of Representatives. With about as much

truth as usually belongs to Know Nothing as-

sertions, they say that Mr. SAYES was the only

man qualified to discharge the duties of Clerk. They

go into perfect ecstasies over his extraordinary

gifts in that particular. They usually wind up

these exhausting eulogies with the assertion that,

two or three acts are published as laws which were

never passed by the Legislature. This may be so,

and it may not be so. If not, it is on a par

with most Know Nothing statements and should

take its proper place in the ranks of Know No-

thing arguments. If it is so, it only goes to show

the absurdity of their panegyrics upon Mr. SAYES.

Mr. SAMUEL C. SAYES is the very man appointed

by Mr. McCLEARY to finish up the business of the

Legislature after that body adjourned. It was his

duty to prepare the House bills for publication,

and if bills are published which were never passed

by the Legislature, it is Mr. SAMUEL C. SAYES'

fault, and the fault of nobody else. If Mr. SAM-

UEL C. SAYES is such a wonderfully competent

Clerk, and such an uncommon smart man, and

such an "intense American" witful, how happens

it that he did not discharge the duties entrusted

to him by Mr. McCLEARY, with more fidelity and

correctness.

We should like to hear the alleged blunder re-

conciled with Mr. SAMUEL C. SAYES' alleged re-

markable clerical qualifications. We suppose it

can be done, but we are somewhat curious as to

the *modus operandi*. Let those who showed so

conclusively that the attempt of Geo. R. McKee

to repeal the School law and appropriate the

School Fund, was convincing evidence of his

friendship for Common Schools—take up this

Knotty question. It needs elucidation as it stands

now.

The British Outrage—No War.

The steam ship Asia left Liverpool on the 29th

of May and arrived at New York on the 10th of

this month. The news of importance is that

Lord PALMERSTON has been overthrown, and Lord

DERBY is again at the head of the British Ministry.

Prompt measures have been taken to put a stop

to the outrages being committed on American

vessels by British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico.

Two British steamers had been dispatched in

search of the styx, with peremptory orders for her

to cease her espionage over our vessels. It is un-

derstood that not only the most ample satisfaction

will be made to our government, but that the of-

ficers of the offending cruisers will be punished.

As the New York Herald would say, "this is

exactly what we predicted in our great article on

the state of affairs in Europe. It is well.

The "Ignorance" Candidate and his

friends—Elegant and highly perfumed

extract of Prentice.

George D. Prentice vs. D. George

Prentice.

THE ASSERTION.

"His (George R. McKee) opponents find that

the public printing fraud has been exposed, and

have already invented another in regard to his op-

position to common schools. George is emphati-

cally a common school advocate—*Louisville*

Journal, April 15th, 1858.

ITS DENIAL.

UNDENIABLE NOTORIETY.—We observe that

Some of the "Rulers" of New Orleans.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston

Post thus gives the particulars of the death of

one of the great ruffians of the former city:

Hung be bar-room in black—let all ruffianism

procure a suit of sable—for Abe Phillips, the

leader of the Thugs, the great ruffian of the

desperadoes, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

evening, in Canal-street, and he, who lives

by the sword shall perish by the sword, the same

is equally true of the Bowie-knife and revolver.

Phillips was but twenty-eight years of age, of a

desperate, and the terror of New Orleans, is no

more. His career of uselessness and crime was

suddenly, permanently enacted last Tuesday

The River Still Rising—Condition of the

Levee.

[From the St. Louis News, Saturday Evening.]

The river continues to increase in magnitude

and magnitude. It has risen two feet since noon

yesterday, and is still rising at nearly the same

rate, without any present indication of coming to

a stand. It is a majestic and terrible thing to

look at, sweeping past the city, and bearing on

its turbulent bosom huge heads of drift and wrecks,

at a rate that would do credit to an ordinary

steamboat.

The entire levee is now covered with water,

and the space between the steamboats lying

against the brow of the levee and the stores re-

sembles a miniature river itself. Near Morgan

street the water is so deep that a steamer might

float without rubbing the bottom, and the river

has reached a point twenty feet from the end of

streets running perpendicularly to the levee. Of

course, all the first floors of the levee stores are

deserted; their doors are closed, and they are as

silent and desolate as though they had been aban-

doned for ages. The river is not yet as high as it

was in 1844 and 1851, but it will not take it more

than forty-eight hours, at its present rate of ris-

ing, to attain the mark of 1851.

The Lafayette (Ind.) papers of Friday give the

following particulars of the disasters in that por-

tion of the State. The Courier of Friday even-

ing says:

The river is now at a flood high, unparalleled

in the history of the Wabash Valley. At four

o'clock this morning, it reached the high water

mark of the memorable flood of 1828, which is

about ten inches above the flood of 1844. It con-

tinued to rise at the rate of from three to five

inches per hour, and at the present writing (four

o'clock) it is two feet and eleven inches higher

than before. All the tributaries, as far as we

can learn by telegraph, from Logansport, Peru,

Wabash, Huntington and Fort Wayne, are bank-

full and rising. At some points above, it has

been raised, with slight intermission, for the past

forty-eight hours. It was pouring down in tor-

rents at Wabash at noon yesterday.

For several hours during the morning the rise

was at the rate of one foot per hour! Before noon

the bottoms were all overtopped, and an immense

amount of drift, fence rails, and bridge timbers

were passing down the rapid current. The people

who occupy the houses in the bottoms were taken

out in skiffs. The cattle moaned in despair; pigs

were squealing and chickens were cackling; never

before was animal nature so thoroughly nonplussed.

The destruction is immense and cannot be esti-

mated.

Great Flood in White River—Immense

Destruction of Property.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel, of Monday.]

On Saturday morning White River, already

bankfull and overflowing, began rising rapidly. In

a few hours the whole of West Indianapolis was

inundated, the water sweeping through the low-

lands, and threatening property and life. Through-

out the night, the stream continued swelling. By

daylight yesterday morning it had broken over the

national road beyond the bridge, and was

carrying everything before it. Fences, out-houses,

and almost every conceivable description of prop-

erty along its banks, were swept away. People

everywhere on the west side of the river were

